

Now what a stir is in the house  
This Sunday morn. in April!  
Clean frock, clean bonnet & coming coat  
The children wear; the mother, and  
Fresh water, & ~~essence~~ <sup>brandy</sup> brought to her  
Set off the husband & under smile  
Which the new-shaved father pret;  
Gladness appeared to collapse hills;  
With sweet & unaccustomed shrills  
In the baby's <sup>type</sup> ~~in the baby's~~ <sup>in the baby's</sup> ~~voice~~ <sup>voice</sup> ~~meant~~ <sup>meant</sup>.

And every thurs come to walk to Church,  
Two maidens & one man;  
The first, the joy, as all for her,  
The baby loved - as Covenants,  
The infant - of a span!

They bear her to her Father's court too,  
Promoted by his charge;  
And, does she smile, or does she weep? =  
Good memories will the record keep,  
And tell the tale at large;

When she in her arms brings the babe

~~A dear gift to the babe~~ <sup>the signs upon the babe</sup>

When water sprinkled, Cross <sup>is poured</sup> ~~is poured~~  
Witless to heavenly pure ~~is poured~~

No man can tell us how.

"What - stuff!" The ready scoffer cries  
What ~~may~~ <sup>is</sup> an infant - know  
Of mysteries of sin or grace  
May glorify a all disgrace  
The man in him shall find.

That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
And any fool may see  
The growth, development, the parts  
The penny efforts, length arts  
By which he grows in flesh.

The ways of the spirit, none can tell,  
Nor how he comes out free;

In the babe's secret-heart and mind  
A knowledge scarce of humankind  
The little one may spell.

Not - what we hear nor what we see  
Hear & know so well,  
Nails all the babe his last recesses,  
The babe who loves & fears & grieves,  
And with his love doth dwell.